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he Sailor's welcome.

To which are added

he Jolly Post Boy.

OLLY'S COMPLAINT. 2

he Pearl of the Irish Nation.

DUBLIN,

ted by B. Corcoran No. 23, Arran quay

The Jolly POST BOY.

OYE riders far and near, give attention to my
The chaise driving trade's the best under the
The sun shines so bright without any fail,
And we are lads that get oceans of ale.

2.

There's a house in the forest and it stands all in a
There's plenty of liquor good cider and ale,
Their cide and ale it is so very good.
You may call and drink a bottle at bold Robin Ho

3.

There are six good horses kept at this place,
And two bonny lads that drive at at a great pace,
For nine-pence a mile day and night you may fly,
O'er hills and o'er dales 'till fair Nottingham you s

4.

These horses are fed on the best corn and hay,
And good litter to lie on by night and by day,
They are kept so clean from the head to the feet,
Such good accomodations you seldom do meet.

5.

When we return with our empty Post-chaise,
If we meet a pretty girl on her we will gaze,
Saying my dear will you get up and ride,
'Tis a turn-back chaise, no no, she reply'd.

6.

With a little persuasion up she did get,
And he soon followed after and down by her h
Your countenance, my dear, I should like to th
To have ride for ride you can't me deny.

The Pearl of the *Irish* Nation.

HARD was my lot for to be shot,
By Cupid's cunning arrow,
both night and day I fall away,
thro' perfect grief and sorrow,
To the hills and dales I often reveal,
and breathe forth my lamentation,
Which I endure for that virgin pure,
the pearl of the *Irish* Nation.
Her beauty so bright hath dazi'd my sight
alas! my heart is wounded,
No way I find for to ease my mind,
by Cupid i'm surrounded,
Great, is the pain which I do sustain,
sad is my grief and vexation,
And all for the sake of a beautiful maid
the pearl of the *Irish* Nation.
Tho' many there be which daily I see,
of beautiful charming creatures,
With red rosy cheeks and rudy lips,
and likewise comely features:
Yet there is none abroad or at home,
in country town or plantation,
That can compare with the maiden fair
the pearl of the *Irish* Nation.
No way I find for to ease my mind,
but spend my time in weeping;
sigh, I groan, I sob and moan:
while others lie by a sleeping,
Some place i'll go for a space,

there i'll make my habitation,
Since I cannot gain that beautiful Dime,
the pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
I know there is ſome think that I mourn
and make my moan for the lilly,
Perhaps it's ſo, but the cauſe of my woe,
is for the roſe, that in the valley grows,
She's rare to be ſeen, like Venus the queen
for modeſty virtue and patience,
My heart is link'd to that beautiful pink
the pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Alas! there is none can eaſe my moan,
but only that charming creature,
Her cheeks like the roſe that ſweetly grows
near by the banks of cedar,
Her name to declare I will forbear,
tho' my heart is fill'd with vexation,
Tho' ye may ſuppoſe ſhe's called the roſe
the pearl of the *Iriſh* nation.
Thoſe lines I intend for to have pen'd,
and ſent to my deareſt jewel,
To let her know a part of my woe;
and if ſhe chance to prove cruel,
Like a pilgrim i'll go thro' froſt and ſnow
i'll forſake my former ſtation,
Since I cannot gain that beautiful dame,
the pearl of the *Iriſh* nation.
I'll travel to ſpain, from thence to lorrain
I'll oft times croſs the wide ocean,
Sil-nce ſorrow and pain thro' her diſdain
hapen'd to be my portion;

Polly's Complaint in Bedlam,

For her Sweet-Heart BILLY.

1.

AS I walked one ſummer's morning,
Underneath new Bedlam wall,
There I beheld a lovely woman.
And out of Bedlam aloud did call,
Saying, go and bring my Billy to me,
The God of love come take my part
Cruel Parents have been my ruin
Now alas! I feel the ſmart.

2.

His ruby lips, I fondly kiſs' them,
They're ſweeter than the Cherry red,
Ungrateful Parents to refuſe them,
He's a ſweet and comely lad,
Sure he does not love another,
For the ſake of golden ſtore,
Whilſt I poor girl here muſt ſuffer,
Chained to the new Bedlam door.

3.

on't you ſee my Billy coming?
D you ſee him in yonder croud?

Troops of Nymphs and Swains around him
I think they do my Billy crown ;
Let me loose, I'll fly unto him,
And I'll enfold him in my arms,
Cruel Parents for to refuse him,
I'm sure he has a thousand charms.

4.

Little Cupid are you so cruel ?
Have you not one dart to spare ?
To pierce the heart of my dear jewel,
I really wish I had him here.
Then on her bed of straw she tumbled,
With wringing hands she sigh'd and cry'
Here I'll lie alone and languish,
So she dropped her head and dyed.

The Sailor's Welcome.

DRAW near good Neighbours 'till I tell you,
Of my dear on a hearty Fellow,
With joy he makes my heart quite mellow,
As he's come from the Ocean;
You see that the War is all o'er,
Our boys are coming now on shore,
And surely they'll go abroad no more,
For to seek Promotion.

Dear Daniel I was long time sure,
Expecting Tom would come on shore,
To help his Mother being poor,
He'll give her some relieving;
Now he's come fill me half a Pint,
Altho I owe a half-year's Rent,
I'll pay him now tho' my last stint;
My Goods not worth reprieving.

Relief from him I hope to get,
Tho' this long time I sure did fret,
But my poor boy was sore indebt,
Which made him for to enter;
But after all misfortunes past,
My Tom will serve me now at last,
And feed me for my former Fast,
For which his life he ventur'd.

Then in comes honest Norah Power,
Crying dear Dan, my son's on shore,
Dressed in Jackets tho' he's poor,
One guinea I did send him..
For money for to pay his way

But now indeed I near to day,
His Prizes yet they did not pay,
Nor cash they would not lend him.
But now says Dan, my soul's on shore,
He'll make the beer-house for to roar,
And call at once for half a score,
Of humming Ale that's brown sir,
So Landlord fill us a full Quart,
And her's to you with all my heart,
My Life is ready to depart,
For Joy you're come to Town sir.
Next comes the Widow with her cries,
With wringing hands and wat'ry Eyes,
I'ts my poor Heart is sore surpriz'd,
For the losing of my Darling;
Yet after all I hope as yet,
A hundred Pounds—what need I fret?
Which by his Will I'll surely get,
And paid me to a Farthing.
Now Fathers, *M*others, Wives, Relations
Some fill'd with Joy some with Vexation,
And others in sad consternation,
Expecting absent Friends now;
*M*any waiting for relief,
Some from Prison got repriev,
And others are oppressed with Grief,
And so I make an End now.